

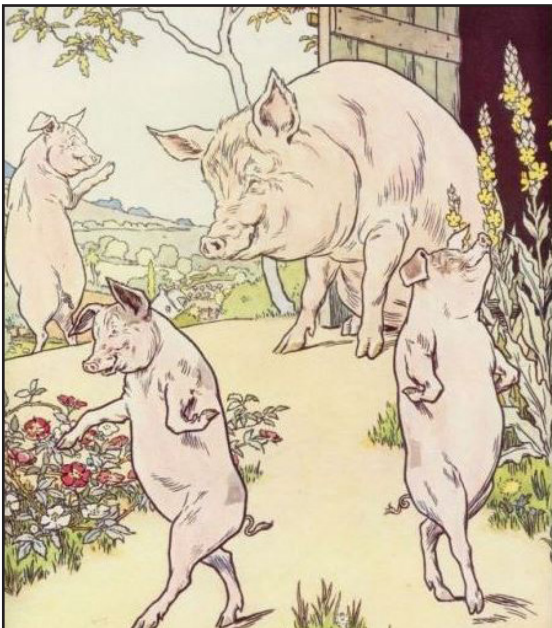
The Three Little Pigs <https://americanliterature.com/childrens-stories/the-three-little-pigs>

Once upon a time there was an old mother pig who had three little pigs and not enough food to feed them. So when they were old enough, she sent them out into the world to seek their fortunes.

The first little pig was very lazy. He didn't want to work at all and he built his house out of straw. The second little pig worked a little bit harder but he was somewhat lazy too and he built his house out of sticks. Then, they sang and danced and played together the rest of the day.

The third little pig worked hard all day and built his house with bricks. It was a sturdy house complete with a fine fireplace and chimney. It looked like it could withstand the strongest winds.

The next day, a wolf happened to pass by the lane where the three little pigs lived; and he saw the straw house, and he smelled the pig



inside. He thought the pig would make a mighty fine meal and his mouth began to water.

So he knocked on the door and said: "Little pig! Little pig! Let me in! Let me in!"

But the little pig saw the wolf's big paws through the keyhole, so he answered back: "No! No! No! Not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin!"

Then the wolf showed his teeth and said: "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down."

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down! The wolf opened his jaws very wide and bit down as hard as he could, but the first little pig escaped and ran away to hide with the second little pig.

The wolf continued down the lane and he passed by the second house made of sticks; and he saw the house, and he smelled the pigs inside, and his mouth began to water as he thought about the fine dinner they would make.

So he knocked on the door and said: "Little pigs! Little pigs! Let me in! Let me in!"

But the little pigs saw the wolf's pointy ears through the keyhole, so they answered back: "No! No! No! Not by the hairs on our chinny chin chin!"

So the wolf showed his teeth and said: "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!"

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down! The wolf was greedy and he tried to catch both pigs at once, but he was too greedy and got neither! His big jaws clamped down on nothing but air and the two little pigs scrambled away as fast as their little hooves would carry them.

The wolf chased them down the lane and

he almost caught them. But they made it to the brick house and slammed the door closed before the wolf could catch them. The three little pigs were very frightened. They knew the wolf wanted to eat them. And that was very, very true. The wolf hadn't eaten all day and he had worked up a large appetite chasing the pigs around and now he could smell all three of them inside and he knew that the three little pigs would make a lovely feast.

So the wolf knocked on the door and said: "Little pigs! Little pigs! Let me in! Let me in!"

But the little pigs saw the wolf's narrow eyes through the keyhole, so they answered back: "No! No! No! Not by the hairs on our chinny chin chin!"

So the wolf showed his teeth and said: "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down."

Well! he huffed and he puffed. He puffed and he huffed. And he huffed, huffed, and he puffed, puffed; but he could not blow the house down. At last, he was so out of breath that he couldn't huff and he couldn't puff anymore. So he stopped to rest and thought a bit.

But this was too much. The wolf danced about with rage and swore he would come down the chimney and eat up the little pig for his supper. But while he was climbing on to the roof the little pig made up a blazing fire and put on a big pot full of water to boil. Then, just as the wolf was coming down the chimney, the little piggy pulled off the lid, and plop! in fell the wolf into the scalding water.

So the little piggy put on the cover again, boiled the wolf up, and the three little pigs ate him for supper.

The True Story of the 3 Little Pigs! Told by Jon Scieszka

Everybody knows the story of the Three Little Pigs.

Or at least they think they do. But I'll let you in on a little secret.

Nobody knows the real story, because nobody has ever heard my side of the story.

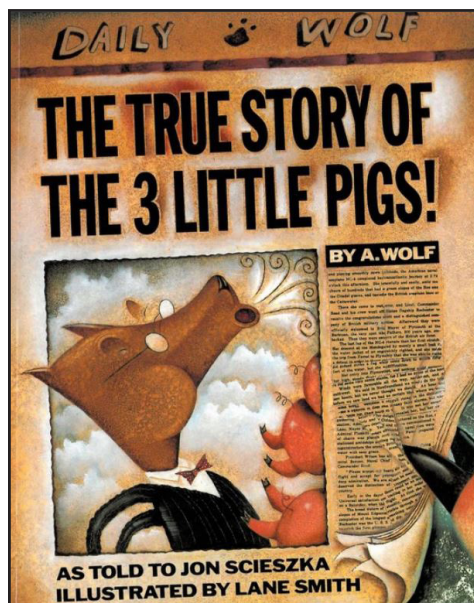
I'm the wolf. Alexander T. Wolf. You can call me Al. I don't know how this whole Big Bad Wolf thing got started, but it's all wrong.

Maybe it's because of our diet. Hey, it's not my fault if wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies and sheep and pigs. That's just the way we are. If cheeseburgers were cute, folks would probably think you were Big and Bad, too.

But like I was saying, the whole Big Bad Wolf thing is all wrong. The real story is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar.

THIS IS THE REAL STORY.

Way back in Once Upon a Time, I was making a birthday cake for my dear old granny. I had a terrible sneezing cold. I ran out of sugar.



So I walked down the street to ask my neighbor for a cup of sugar. Now this neighbor was a pig. And he wasn't too bright, either. He had built

his whole house out of straw. Can you believe it? I mean who in his right mind would build a house of straw?

So of course the minute I knocked on the door, it fell right in. I didn't want to just walk into someone else's house. So I called,

"Little Pig, Little Pig, are you in?" No answer.

I was just about to go home without the cup of sugar for my dear old granny's birthday cake. That's when my nose started to itch. I felt a sneeze coming on. Well I huffed. And I snuffed.

And I sneezed a great sneeze.

And you know what? That whole darn straw house fell down. And right in the middle of the pile of straw was the First Little Pig—dead as a doornail. He had been home the whole time.

It seemed a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner lying there in the straw. So I ate it up. Think of it as a big cheeseburger just lying there.

I was feeling a little better. But I still didn't have my cup of sugar. So I went to the next neighbor's house. This neighbor was the First Little Pig's brother. He was a little smarter, but not much. He had built his house of sticks.

I rang the bell on the stick house. Nobody answered. I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?"

He yelled back, "Go away wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the hairs on my chinny chin chin."

I had just grabbed the doorknob when I felt another sneeze coming on. I huffed. And I snuffed. And I tried to cover my mouth, but I sneezed a great sneeze.

And you're not going to believe it, but this guy's house fell down just like his brother's. When the dust cleared, there was the Second Little Pig—dead as a doornail. Wolf's honor.

Now you know how food will spoil if you just leave it out in the open. So I did the only thing

there was to do. I had dinner again. Think of it as a second helping. I was getting awfully full. But my cold was feeling a little better. And I still didn't have that cup of sugar for my dear old granny's birthday cake.

So I went to the next house. This guy was the First and Second Little Pigs' brother. He must have been the brains of the family. He had built his house of bricks.

I knocked on the brick house. No answer. I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?" And do you know what that rude little porker answered?

"Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again."

Talk about impolite! He probably had a whole sack full of sugar. And he wouldn't give me even one little cup for my dear sweet old granny's birthday cake. What a pig!

I was just about to go home and maybe make a nice birthday card instead of a cake, when I felt my cold coming on. I huffed. And I snuffed. And I sneezed once again. Then the Third Little Pig yelled, "And your old granny can sit on a pin!"

Now I'm usually a pretty calm fellow. But when somebody talks about my granny like that, I go a little crazy.

When the cops drove up, of course I was trying to break down this Pig's door. And the whole time I was huffing and puffing and sneezing and making a real scene.

The rest, as they say, is history.

The news reporters found out about the two pigs I had for dinner. They figured a sick guy going to borrow a cup of sugar didn't sound very exciting. So they jazzed up the story with all that "Huff and puff and blow your house down." And they made me the Big Bad Wolf.

That's it. The real story. I was framed. But maybe you could loan me a cup of sugar.